
THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
CHRISTINA,
PRINCESS OF SWABIA;
AND OF
ELOISA DE LIVAROT.
VOL. I.

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CHRYSTIAN

ELIZABETH



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CHRISTINA,
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ELOISA DE LIVAROT.

Translated from the FRENCH of Madame RICCOBONI.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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CHRISTINA

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE

IN TWO VOLUMES

BY J. B. ALLEN

WITH A PREFACE BY J. B. ALLEN

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1850

THE
HISTORY
OF
CHRISTINA,
PRINCESS OF SWABIA,
AND OF
SIGEFROID,
COUNT DE SURGER.

AT the time of the first Crusades lived Frederic Augustus, Duke of Saxony, Bavaria, and Swabia. A war of twenty years continuance, distinguished by splendid conquests, had considerably increased his dominions, and reduced a great part of Germany to his obedience. Satisfied

with his success, and desirous of retiring to that rest which his advanced age required, he accepted the proposals of an honourable and advantageous peace which were offered him. One of the principal articles of this treaty was, the marriage of Bona Eleanora, Marchioness of Misnie, to Maximilian Philip, his only heir. Frederic agreed to this union, and, in spite of his son's reluctance and opposition, obliged him to sign the treaty, and to marry the Princess of Misnie. Philip yielded to this imperious command; but, incapable of dissimulation, he took no care to conceal the sorrow which this marriage caused in him. He was the passionate and favoured lover of Amelia, daughter to an inferior officer belonging to the palace. He owed the favours of his mistress to his repeated oaths of raising her to the highest rank, as soon as he should himself arrive at it. Forced to unite him-
self

self to the heiress of Misnie, and to deprive Amelia of the reward promised to her kindnesses; adopting an unjust, though unhappily too natural an opinion, he threw all the bitterness of his chagrin on her who had been the innocent cause of it. Eleanora, extremely young, endowed with every amiable quality, and adorned with a thousand charms, appeared, in the eyes of her husband, in no other light than as the rival of Amelia; as a woman who had usurped the place destined by his choice to another; who had obliged him to be guilty of perjury and ingratitude, and had caused him to deceive the expectations of a credulous friend, whose generous confidence had trusted to his fidelity the care of her honour and her happiness.

The character of Philip suffered him not to disguise the emotions of his heart. That Prince, then about twenty years

old, to an extreme impetuosity of temper, joined an inflexible obstinacy of opinion, and that austere and ill-judged frankness, which treats as falshoods all the arts of civility, so necessary to maintain an union, at least the appearances of it, between persons the most opposite in opinions and interests. Without regard to the knot which had united him to the young Princess, he continued to deliver himself up to his passion. If the fear of drawing on his mistress the rage of the Duke engaged him to conceal the ardour of his affections, and the public avowal of the preference with which he honoured her, it was with great violence and regret that he deprived himself of the pleasure of giving up his whole time to her, and of doing public homage to her charms.

During the first years of their marriage, Eleanora did not remark the neglect and coldness of her husband. Tenderly
beloved

beloved by Frederic, and constantly amused by entertainments, her own indifference and extreme dissipation equally prevented her from observing the conduct of the Prince, or discovering the object of his inclinations. But having given birth to a Princess, maternal affection opened her heart to every emotion of tenderness. A severe labour had exhausted her strength, so that she was a considerable time before she recovered. Her indisposition fixing the Duke and the Court to her apartments, the Prince was constrained to pay her a more constant attendance there. Eleanora, observing him with more attention, found charms in him which had never before struck her. The nobleness of his person, and the liveliness of his wit, delighted her; she was amazed to find him so amiable; his presence, and even the sound of his voice, caused in her the most flattering emotions: she loved him, she wished to please and attach him to

her; but the more her fondness for him increased, the more she was convinced he had none for her. An anxious curiosity made her search after unwelcome information. Jealousy and love entered at the same time into her heart, and rendered her sensations equally tender and painful. She discovered her rival; she was afflicted, and no longer capable of tasting the sweets of repose. The assiduous attentions of a Court, by which she saw herself adored, became troublesome to her; she wished to be alone, to sigh at liberty, and to weep without witnesses. She very soon fell into that kind of despondency which is caused by a passion condemned never to meet return; by the certainty of forming vain wishes; by the misery of tracing continually, in fancy, an happiness we never can enjoy; by seeing another possess, in our presence, the object of our most ardent vows; and by
entertaining,

entertaining, without ceasing, the desire of an happiness which flies from us.

Her grief, too violent and too apparent, excited the tender compassion of Frederic. The more she excited his pity, the more did the Prince's conduct displease him. Amelia triumphed in the sorrows of the Princess; and, grown proud of his protection, she no longer concealed the power she had over the mind of Philip. The Duke, irritated with the boldness of her behaviour, caused her to be taken out of the palace in the night, ordered her to be carried to Muhlbery, to be confined in that fortress, and to be guarded with the utmost care. The officer charged with this commission betrayed the confidence of his master; and the moment Amelia went from Augsbourg, Philip, acquainted with her departure, flew after her, came up with her, put her escort to flight, and conducted her to one of his houses; where, not thinking
himself

himself sufficiently secure from the anger of Frederic, he did not stay long, but soon carried her into Denmark. Out of the reach of his father's vengeance, he wrote to him and complained bitterly of the violence exercised against a person who was so dear to him; accused the resentment of a jealous wife as the cause of so rigorous an order; said, that Eleanora, in demanding the exile of Amelia, and pressing the Duke to treat her with inhumanity, had rendered herself for ever odious in the eyes of him, to whom constraint had united her: he would therefore take immediate measures to break a bond, which he already regarded himself as entirely disengaged from; and concluded his letter by a protestation never to return to Swabia as the husband of the Princess of Swabia.

Whilst Philip was thus afflicting the heart of his father, weakened by long fatigues

tigues and recent infirmities, and was filling Eleanora with the fears of seeing herself divorced from his bed, the object of the troubles and divisions of this illustrious House no longer enjoyed the vanity of having excited them. The moment Amelia found herself torn from the arms of her father, and carried out of the palace, her fears, and a sudden oppression of spirits, had such an effect on her senses, that she never got the better of it. Emotions of horror agitated her without ceasing; she trembled at the smallest noise; even the sight of her own women frequently alarmed her; she fancied she perceived the Duke's guards disguised under their vestments; she then uttered frightful screams, called Philip to her assistance, saw him, heard him, and still called him. She fell into a gloomy distraction, out of which nothing could rouse her. After some months continuance in this dreadful situation, she died in the arms of her lover;

lover ; who, grown desperate at losing her, mixed with his tears and lamentations for her loss, imprecations against Eleanora. He swore never to see her again, never to pardon her jealousy, the fatal and premature cause of the death of Amelia, the sole object of his tenderest affections.

Determined to remain in Denmark, and to nourish his sorrows by the sight of the monument wherein the remains of his mistress reposed, he resisted, during four years, the orders, the prayers, and even the supplications, of his father. In vain did the most zealous of his servants acquaint him with the visible decay of Frederic, and put him in mind that the moment was approaching when his presence would be necessary at Augsburg : neither his duty nor his interest could determine him to quit the tomb of his Amelia, and to revisit places which would continually bring back to his remembrance

brance the happiness he had for ever lost. The modest entreaties of Eleanora were rejected with disdain. He abandoned the design of a divorce : Amelia was no longer living, and he ceased to wish for his liberty ; but he preserved his unjust hatred, and answered the affectionate and submissive letters of the Princess only to load her with reproaches, and accuse her of all the troubles and misfortunes of his life.

The unfortunate Eleanora could not support the aversion of a husband so dear to her. The impossibility of obliterating the fatal prepossession of Philip, in regard to the exile of Amelia, and proving to him that she had never demanded her removal, together with the certainty of displeasing him by her affection, and that of seeing him no more, affected her with the most dreadful melancholy. Retired in the depth of her own apartment, continually weeping,

weeping, pressing in her arms the little Christina her daughter, and bathing her with tears, she earnestly prayed Heaven to watch over this dear infant, and preserve her child from the dreadful misfortune of loving an ingrate.

A slow fever consumed by degrees the strength of this young and lovely Princess; she faded like a flower untimely gathered, and descended to the tomb regretted by all Swabia. The Duke, already attacked by a dangerous illness, was so sensible of her loss, that he could not support it: he found his end approaching, and sent couriers to Denmark to hasten the return of his son. Philip came with all speed, hoping that his presence would reanimate his father, and prolong his days; but he had the affliction to arrive too late, and the moment he entered the palace, cries of sorrow informed him Frederic was no more.

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His son wept over him, and sumptuously rendered him the last honours, reproaching himself sincerely for having afflicted him. Sovereign of so many states, master of his heart and hand, he again regretted the loss of Amelia. Faithful to her memory, he rejected every alliance proposed to him. His long and tedious sorrows had taught him to dread a passion which had had so great power over his mind. He gave himself up entirely to the love of glory; undertook that destructive war which laid waste the most fertile provinces of Germany, and made the states, and even the person of the Emperor, submit to him: His neighbours, weakened by the numbers engaged in the holy wars and gone to Palestine, could not oppose the course of his victories; but at length tired with conquests and triumphs, he replaced the Emperor on his throne, and maintained him there, in spite of the efforts of a powerful confederacy.

As

As he did not appropriate to himself any of his conquests, it appeared as if he had been prodigal of his subjects and of his treasures, merely for the vain honour of filling all Europe with the report of his valour, and inspiring them with the fear of his arms.

At the time of Eleanora's death, the Princess Christina was carried to Fullingen, a villa belonging to her grandfather, situated about twenty leagues from Augsburg. Philip, employed in the funeral of his father, and his own coronation, ordered his daughter to remain at Fullingen. Three months after his return, being then free from his cares, he went himself to that house to see the Princess, and bring her back to Augsburg. The melancholy complaints of Eleanora, the afflicting sound of her voice, and her lamentations, still resounded in the ears of the little Christina. The appellations of cruel, ungrateful,

ful,

ful, and inhuman, were blended together in her memory with the name of Philip, the cause of the troubles and death of her mother. At his approach, she was seized with horror, and would have fled; she struggled in the arms of her women, refused to kneel to her father, and cried out with a trembling voice, *I will not go with the cruel man, he will kill me also!* Her resistance, her tears and fright, the striking resemblance between her and her mother, rendered Christina disagreeable in the eyes of her father. She recalled to his mind the most painful recollections: he considered her for a long time with a pensive air; and changed his design of carrying her to Augsburg for that of having her educated at Fullingen. Though he was inclined to keep her at a distance from him, he was unwilling that that kind of disgrace should be prejudicial to her education. He placed persons very early about her, who were capable of forming her heart, enlightening

enlightening her understanding, and instructing her in every thing proper to improve and bring to perfection the gifts she received from nature. If she did not find Philip a tender and affectionate father, she had no reason ever to accuse him of neglecting the duties imposed on him as a parent. He ornamented her retreat; ordered she should be relieved from her studies by amusements; was profuse in affording her the means to gratify her wishes, exercise her liberality, and make all those who surrounded her happy.

To the regularity of her mother's features, the Princess, as she grew up, united different charms; she was taller, her air more majestic, and an open and animated countenance gave more nobility and dignity to her figure. Perhaps her person would have had too much of the latter to have excited the passion of love, if her sweetness and goodness, with a thousand
other

other attractive graces, had not recalled those who, inspired by veneration at their first approach, might otherwise have kept at too great a distance from her. She acquired a very extensive knowledge, exercised all the arts proper for her sex, and greatly improved the gifts she had received from nature, by study and application. But vain were their attempts to teach her the general maxims of the world; she had formed hers by observing the emotions of her own heart; they could never accustom her to submit her reason to the common prejudices of mankind, nor to confound things which drew their whole value from the opinion of the world, with things really valuable in themselves, nor true dignity of conduct, with that constrained reserve which pride, usurping its name, would substitute in place of it. Rejecting all the sophistry of interest and vanity, she formed her ideas from nature, and from her own feelings her heart was upright,

upright, and her discernment just. She had great sensibility, much courage and steadiness; was an inviolable observer of her word, and of a temper the least likely to experience that lightness or inconstancy so often imputed to her sex. It would seem that so many rare qualities should have guarded her from all errors: on the contrary, they induced her not to treat a natural inclination as a weakness; to give up her heart to the sweetest of all passions; to seek her happiness out of the road commonly pursued by persons of her rank; to set little value on splendour and magnificence; to prefer, far above grandeur and power, the liberty of chusing for herself, and the flattering hope of rendering that choice for ever happy.

The household of the Princess of Swabia, which at first was only composed of her mother's women, was afterwards augmented. They brought up along with her

her some of the young nobility of both sexes, destined to form her court. Her governess being dead, the Countess de Surger took her place, with the title of Superintendent of the Education of Christina; and the Duke gave her absolute authority over all those by whom the Princess was surrounded.

This lady, who was niece to the mother of Philip, had married the Count de Surger, possessor of a pretty considerable principality on the confines of Saxony and Swabia. Being a widow at twenty years old, and mother of an infant in the cradle, she frequently saw swarms of robbers, eager for pillage, spread themselves over her dominions and ravage them. Their incursions becoming more frequent, and the desolated country less capable of defence, she feared either the death or slavery of her son would ensue; therefore abandoned this wretched place,
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and came to demand an asylum with the Duke of Swabia, who gave her the choice of many establishments; but she preferred the place vacant about Christina, whose retired situation suited her better than remaining at Augsburg.

Sigefroid, Count de Surger, came with his mother to Fullingen: he was then eight years old, and the Princess five. He shared in her childish amusements, and afterwards in her studies and pleasures. His eagerness to serve her distinguished him from all the little courtiers they had taught to please her. As she grew up, the attentions of the young Count redoubled; he endeavoured to anticipate her wishes, and satisfy her fancies; he invented feasts and amusements, the preparations for which he concealed from her; he surprised her by unexpected pleasures in their walks, and by the ingenious art of filling up every moment of her time. Admitted to such intimacy,
and

and constantly in her company, becoming every day more interesting and more amiable, the Princess was attached to him as well from habit as from a tender gratitude and a lively friendship: she called him her brother, sometimes her cousin, but more frequently her friend; had always secrets to confide to him, questions to ask him, or orders to give him. If any one applied to Sigefroid to request a favour of her, she granted it the instant it was demanded. When she distributed presents to all her Court, she reserved to herself the choice of the trinkets she designed for the Count, and this choice employed her for a long time: nothing was beautiful or rich enough for him; she complained that nothing was to be found worth offering to her friend.

The distinctions with which her lovely pupil treated her son, were too apparent to escape the observation of the Countess de Surger; she penetrated into the cause of

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them, and was alarmed. In examining Sigefroid, she discovered a passion, under the disguise of friendship, concealed in his heart. Trembling at the misfortunes which a mutual inclination would prepare for two persons so far distant from the power of ever being united, she sought for means to stop the progress of this dangerous attachment. A new order was issued in the palace to forbid the young Barons educated with Christina to enter her apartment. The Countess prescribed the hours when they were to pay their respects to the Princess: she took from them the liberty of mixing with her ladies; of conversing with her, giving her entertainments, or even approaching her, in her walks or other amusements. An air of gravity was spread around the daughter of Philip; silence and respect joined itself to melancholy. This novelty displeased Christina, but she dared not complain of it, imagining the Countess had

had received orders from her father to make this new regulation in her household.

Sigefroid could not find himself deprived of the pleasure of seeing and conversing with Christina at all times, without feeling extreme anger towards his mother, whose precautions, concealed under a pretended authority, appeared to him the effect of a whimsical caprice. He did not disguise his chagrin; complained of her conduct; reproached her for having introduced dulness into the Court of a Princess of sixteen years old; for depriving her of the innocent pleasures with which the young courtiers were eager to amuse her leisure hours. By speaking in this manner, the Count discovered the sentiments of his heart without perceiving it, and let his mother see how deeply he was smitten. "No, Sigefroid," said she, "it is not these trifling amusements which you regret; it is the dangerous liberty

berty of looking at and conversing with Christina, and enjoying the preference and distinctions with which she is pleased to favour you. Oh, my son! by what folly are you led astray? Is it for *you*, is it for the Count de Surger, deprived of his inheritance, reduced to implore the pity of Philip, be supported by his generosity, to nourish a passion which renders him rash and ungrateful at the same time? Had you been peaceful master of your own little sovereignty, would you have dared to lift your eyes to the Princess of Swabia? Do you forget the power of her father? Ah, my son, how could you think of loving Christina? How could you lose sight of the elevation of her fortune, and the humiliation of your own?"

These reflections had never presented themselves to the imagination of Sigefroid: accustomed to see the Princess, and to feel the most tender and flattering emotions

emotions in her presence, he loved her without knowing the kind of sentiment which attached him to her; no future intentions nor anxious thoughts troubled the peace of his mind; he gave himself up to his inclinations, without a wish to be more happy, and without a thought of the possibility of losing the felicity he at present enjoyed.

The just and mortifying remonstrances of the Countess banished peace from his heart; he reproached himself for loving Christina; he feared he was beloved by her. In retracing in his memory her goodness, and the kind expressions of her friendship, he trembled lest *she* had fallen into the same error. His delicate and disinterested love gave him the power to wish, that the amiable Princess might never feel for *him* that cruel and flattering passion, which one moment might change from pleasure to bitterness. He resolved to conceal from her his grief,

to avoid her looks, and to decline every opportunity of approaching her; to conceal in his own breast his tenderness and regret, and, in future, to treat the daughter of Philip with nothing more than respect and veneration.

For some time he observed this painful conduct; but, in spite of his efforts, his melancholy appeared; it was painted in his eyes, and diffused over his countenance: every day increased his grief: he pretended to apply himself to his studies, avoided his friends, and confined his recreations to long walks in the most retired places, and at hours when no one would interrupt his gloomy reveries.

Christina was not more at her ease; she had hoped the Count de Surger would have been excepted from the general order. The advantage of his being related to her, made her think he ought still
to

to have the liberty of approaching her. Deceived in this expectation, she was much troubled, and found how necessary the presence, conversation, and friendship of Sigefroid were to her happiness: she ceased to take pleasure in the amusements of which he was no longer a partaker. One of her women having one day heard the Countess speaking earnestly to her son, pressing him to quit Fullingen, and to abandon a retreat where his days passed on in shameful indolence; she acquainted the Princess with what she had heard. This account excited an emotion of anger against the Countess de Surger. She examined Sigefroid with more attention; observed his trouble and agitation of mind; was afflicted at the change in his conduct, and still more so at the alteration she perceived in his countenance. She waited with impatience for the hour in which her Court usually assembled: she fixed her eyes on Sigefroid, and, under pretence of giving him some orders, she drew him

aside from the company, and pressed and conjured him to open his heart to her. He eluded her questions, cast down his eyes, answered with confusion, accompanied with so much reserve and respect, that the Princess, suspecting him of little attachment to her person, thought she had deceived herself in believing he had a real affection for her; regretted having fallen into an error which had given her so much pleasure, and frequently wept in secret the loss of the friendship and confidence of the Count de Surger.

One day, having risen very early, she went to walk in the garden, accompanied only by one of her women; she turned her steps towards a conservatory, where she had raised a great number of exotics, the lively colours and perfumes of which she greatly admired. As she entered this place, she perceived Sigefroid: she felt an extreme pleasure in finding him there, and the sweetest emotion on remarking his employment:

ployment : he was examining the flowers cultivated for her, to see that no insects, destructive to their beauty, were concealed under their leaves. Touched with an attention, the cause of which she could not mistake, she approached him without noise, and gently laying her hand on his arm, she said to him, with a fond and interesting tone of voice, "What, my brother, do those things which I admire still appear pleasing and interesting to you?"

The sound of that beloved voice made the Count tremble; a meeting so unexpected blended with joy his first surprize, but melancholy and confusion were presently spread over his countenance. He bowed to Christina, and looking at her with timidity, and speaking very low, he said, "I feel myself very unhappy, Madam; but if the Princess of Swabia has for one instant doubted of my zeal, my respectful attention, and inviolable attach-

ment to her service, I find that I shall be a thousand times more so."

"You unhappy!" cried Christina, "ah! how comes it that you are so? You suffer, and yet you conceal from me the cause of your trouble; you fly my presence; you refuse to confide your griefs to me, whose friendship might perhaps dissipate them, at least, might share them with you. How happens it? Am I no longer dear to you? How have I lost my claim to the friendship of my brother, my friend? What is become of his zeal to oblige me? Why does unnecessary respect and cold indifference make him forget his former sentiments?"

"Ah, Madam! this zeal is still unextinguished," replied Sigefroid, blushing. "Would to heaven those happy days, the remembrance of which is so deeply engraved on my memory, had never

ver been!—that a wretch like me, had never been presented to you!—that the charms and the virtues of the august Christina had never”——He stopped; tears bathed his cheeks, and deep sighs discovered the oppression of his heart.

The Princess, seeing the tears of the Count, could not restrain her own: they both wept a considerable time without speaking. Christina, mistaking the sense of the last words of Sigefroid, looked at him with an air of astonishment. “What a strange wish!” said she. “What would you have me understand by it? Does the sight of me give you pain? Oh, my brother! do you hate me?”

“Hate you, Madam!” cried the Count: “ah! how can you interpret so cruelly the expressions of an afflicted heart! Sentiments far contrary to those of hatred agitate my mind, and deliver me

me up to eternal regret. What happy days are passed, and passed without return! What felicity did I enjoy before the difference of our situations offered itself to my idea; when the charms of Christina employed all my attention; when her superiority did not check my tender emotions; when I dared to treat her as a sister, and as a friend; to shew my earnest zeal to please her, and to applaud myself in seeing her sensible of my zeal! Why, Madam, can I no longer aim at deserving your kindness, without fear of abusing it; without fear of rendering myself unworthy of it? Your interest, your honour, a rigorous duty, imposed on me the severe law of concealing my griefs from you; it is forbidden me to suffer you to penetrate the secret of an heart torn by the necessity of concealing its sentiments, even though you should encourage me to lay them open to you, and by the constraint it is under

under of treating the daughter of Philip with nothing more than gratitude and respect."

"I listen attentively to you," said the Princess, "but I cannot understand you. What is this capricious duty, this unreasonable restraint? Honour never requires us to disguise our thoughts, to dissemble our sentiments, to absent ourselves from the object whose presence we wish for. How can my interest engage you to give me violent pain; to make you avoid me; to shew me an affected indifference; to suffer me to believe that a friendship, formerly mutual, no longer subsists but in my heart?"

"What do I hear?" cried the Count, falling at the feet of Christina. "Ah, Madam! have you then condescended to preserve for me this precious friendship? And does it yet *subsist in your heart*? Ah! learn

learn then the whole secret of mine ; know the sacrifice I have made you, by forcing myself to avoid you, and appear indifferent to you. It is no longer the gentle and peaceful feelings of friendship which attach me to you ; alas, Madam ! it is an impetuous and violent passion ; it is the most ardent and sincere love ! Yes, I dare to love you, to adore you ; I neither wish to live or breathe but for you. Burning with the desire of telling you so, I nevertheless avoided every opportunity of speaking to you. Pity me, Madam ; let your generous pity console an unfortunate man, and forgive his presumption. My love has never seduced my reason ; your goodness has never emboldened me ; hope has never flattered a passion, formed before it was perceived ; it brings no imputation upon your character. The purity of my sentiments may perhaps give me some title to the indulgence
of

of Christina ; but how rash must I appear in the eyes of the Princess of Swabia !

The gloom which hung upon the brow of Christina disappeared ; pleasure and tenderness at once diffused themselves over her lovely face. She held out her hand to Sigefroid, obliged him to rise and place himself by her side on the bank where she had first seated herself ; and, regarding him with looks in which joy and satisfaction were united, she curiously enquired of him concerning all the emotions of his heart ; would know how, and at what time, he had distinguished love from friendship ; and from whence came one of his ideas, which seemed to merit the reproach of the person he loved. She insisted on a circumstantial account of all the sensations of his heart ; a confession of what he thought, before the precautions of the Countess his mother ; and all the particulars of their conversation,

tion, when he complained to her of the new regulation established in the palace.

The Count obeyed; and Christina, comparing her own emotions with those of Sigefroid, was astonished at their similarity. She was thoughtful for a moment, but soon collected herself, and, speaking with that candour and sensibility which marked her character, " My brother, " said she, " we have a long time tasted the same pleasures, and for some months we have experienced the same pains: Infancy and habit concealed from both of us the nature of our attachment. You have opened my eyes; you have taught me, that I, as well as yourself, have changed our former friendship into a sensation more lively and more unquiet. Your obstinate silence afflicted me much; but I can say with pleasure, I have not designedly given you pain. No consideration would have induced me
to

to afflict you, to have left you to suppose but for a moment that the pleasure of seeing you, and speaking to you, was no longer interesting to me. But why do you regret loving me?—of what fault do you accuse yourself?—and why make a distinction between the Princess of Swabia, and Christina, the daughter of Philip, and your sister and friend? What is this inequality, of which you form an unsurmountable obstacle between you and me? In my opinion, every thing seems to unite us: we are connected by blood, and our principles, our tastes, our inclinations, attach us still more to each other. Nature and reason instruct us to seek our mutual happiness solely in the intimate union of our hearts.”

Sigefroid, transported with the pleasure of hearing her acknowledge her tenderness with that noble simplicity which is the companion of truth, affected and agitated,

tated, would have spoke, but she would not suffer him. "Hear *me*, my brother," said she to him; "let my words be imprinted on your remembrance, and for ever engrave therein the invariable sentiments of my heart. The backwardness of my father in making a second choice will probably destine *me* to the sovereignty of a considerable part of Germany, to which the Imperial Crown may be joined: but, if I examine myself, if I consult my inclinations, if I figure to myself the kind of satisfaction capable of exciting my wishes, fixing my vows, and fulfilling my desires, the empire of your heart appears to me far preferable to the possession of all Germany. The prospect of supreme power would not be able to console me for the loss of a possession infinitely dearer and more substantial. The excess of my grief, in seeing myself neglected by my brother, in thinking I was indifferent to my friend, has
but

but too well taught me to distinguish between apparent happiness and real felicity. Mine is just now restored: I feel it will always depend on the tenderness, the constancy, and the fidelity, of the Count de Surger."

"How is it possible to resist the charms of this affecting confession!" cried Sigefroid. "What an enchanting idea! How, Madam, can the certainty of being beloved by me be necessary to your happiness? Alas! I have been able to keep silence, and to avoid you, and I ought to do so still; but you will always be beloved, always adored, always desired, always regretted, by the happiest of lovers, but the most unfortunate of men!

"No, you shall never regret me," said the Princess; "I now pledge you my faith, I promise solemnly, that neither

ther my hand nor my heart shall ever be the property of another. I am ignorant whether I shall ever be permitted to be yours, but I protest to Heaven" - - - -

- - - - "Ah, Madam! stop," interrupted the Count; "do not take an indiscreet oath. Can the daughter of the Duke of Swabia engage herself to Sigefroid?" "If my heart made such a vow, why should not my lips pronounce it?" said the Princess. "But I see," continued she, "my brother, you doubt the firmness of my mind. We are both very young; perhaps it would be prudent to assure ourselves of the dispositions of our hearts, by submitting to the most cruel, but most certain proof. Your mother wishes to remove you from me; yield to her entreaties. This submission will destroy her suspicion concerning my sentiments, will conceal our secret intelligence, and will deceive the curiosity of my Court. Demand of me this evening permission to wait

wait on my father; obtain of him leave to travel; employ a year or two in seeing Europe. If the sight of a thousand amiable objects, if the charms attached to novelty, leave the image of Christina continually present to your imagination; if the remembrance of her guards you against foreign beauties; if you return without having formed a wish to please another; I know little of my own heart, or the desire of rendering you happy will make me surmount all the difficulties which appear to you as invincible obstacles."

"To separate myself from you, to leave you, and for so long a time!" said Sigefroid, turning pale: "but you order it, Madam, and I must obey. I will support, if possible, the punishment to which you condemn me. Ah! you have no need to prove a heart in which you reign: never, never shall the idea of Christina

Christina be blotted from my memory; never shall her image be effaced from this heart, where my flame has indelibly engraved it, and where her indulgence, her kindness, her tender predilection in my favour, imprint it still deeper. Ah, Madam, what a fate is mine! I am dear to you; you love me; yet I dare not, cannot say I am happy! No, my illustrious sister, my exalted friend, I never can be so; nor would I become so at the expence of your greatness and of your glory. How is it possible to surmount all these difficulties? *You*, Madam, what would you renounce the rank to which you were born? Could I see you descend from it? No, you will conquer this inclination, you will cease to think of me! In contemplating the brilliant career before you, the throne which you are to ascend will engage your attention; your eyes will no longer abase themselves to the companion of your infancy; you will

will forget this brother, this friend, so sensible of your goodness. You will forget him, Madam; he will lament it; but it will be far from you: you shall not hear his complaints, you shall be ignorant of his sorrows, and nothing shall remind you of the love or the existence of the unhappy Sigefroid."

"Count," interrupted Christina with vivacity, "I forbid you to imagine I can forget you, or that I can for a single moment cease to love you. Secure of my tenderness, go, my friend, go without fear, without apprehension, and beware of doubting the heart of your sister." In speaking these words she arose, and taking from her arm a string of pearls which went many times round it, and putting it about the neck of Sigefroid, "Oh, my dear and amiable brother!" said she to him, "let this chain bind you for ever to me." The Count fell on his knees

knees before her; took the hands of Christina, and bathed them with his tears, saying, "Adieu, Madam! Adieu!"—The Princess, deeply affected with his grief, obliged him to rise, threw her arms round him, and gently pressing him to her bosom, she said to him, drowned in tears, "Adieu! go, be faithful, be constant: may love and hope accompany you, and bring you back again! Oh, my friend, trust to the forebodings of a heart wholly yours; it tells me, it assures me we shall be happy."—As she finished speaking, with a violent effort she freed herself from the arms of the Count, and went with precipitation from the place where she left him.

A few days after Sigefroid departed. By what various emotions was he agitated! Pleasing ideas were blended with bitter reflections. The certainty of being beloved softened the first pains of absence.

sence. If he had reason to complain of his adverse fate, he might felicitate himself with not having been rigorously treated by his beautiful mistress. His sorrows became supportable, when he reflected that Christina preferred *the empire of his heart to the possession of all Germany*. But how was every thing changed in the eyes of the Princess, when Sigefroid was no longer in her sight! If we feel a cruel affliction in going from a place where a beloved object resides, it is still more distressing when we are left behind. The person beloved seems to carry away all the charms of the place he has quitted. His idea is incessantly present, and revives the remembrance of the pleasures which his presence gave; but the absence of those pleasures makes all others disgusting and insipid. Each moment is marked by the regret of those that are past; and, to a tender heart, every day of absence is a day lost.

The Princess of Swabia found herself in this painful situation after the departure of the Count de Surger. Nothing could amuse her, nor engage her attention—she neglected her studies—she grew insensible to the charms of music—she abandoned her lute and her harp. Melancholy and thoughtful, she passed part of the day in walking alone in her gardens. Every morning she went to visit the flowers which the Count had taken care of; those flowers to which she owed the knowledge of Sigefroid's love and her own. In a short time she perceived, that, by giving up herself so much to grief, she should betray the secret of her heart, and confirm the suspicions of the Countess de Surger. *Tearing herself,* therefore, with violence from the soft indulgence of her sorrow, she put more constraint on herself, and began travelling about the environs of her residence. She visited all the monuments raised by
the

the piety of her ancestors; and finished her excursions by a pilgrimage to Nôtre Dame de Bois, a miraculous chapel, situated about twenty-five leagues from Fullingen. Christina went thither with a numerous suite; presented magnificent gifts to the holy chapel; passed three days in retreat with the nuns, whose monastery joined on one side to this sacred building, and on the other to a dangerous forest. In quitting the nunnery to return to Fullingen, the sudden overflowing of a river obliged the Princess to cross this forest, by the only road that was passable through it. Her women did not enter it without fear. It was said to be inhabited by evil spirits, and hideous monsters. Christina heard with a smile their accounts of apparitions, and the numerous accidents and misfortunes which had happened to incredulous travellers, who had been bold enough to brave the danger,

and rashly penetrate the thickest part of the wood; when her horse, making a leap, went off at full gallop, and carried her away by turnings so thick planted, that she disappeared in an instant from the sight of her astonished attendants, who, with frightful screaming, sought her in vain.

The Princess, being an exceeding good horsewoman, was but little terrified at the rapid course of her horse: but seeing the danger to which she was exposed by the thickness of the forest, she very dexterously disengaged herself from her stirrups, and seizing the strong branch of a tree, supported herself by it, let her horse go, and then slid softly down to the ground.

Alone in this desert place, where the light scarce penetrated, and where every
passenger

passenger was kept away by fear, Christina could not avoid feeling an emotion of terror. She listened to find if any one followed her; but hearing no noise, as it was very early in the morning, she took courage, hoping that her people, who were spread over the forest, would, in the course of the day, be able to discover where she was. Not knowing at what distance she was from the road, nor which way she should take to arrive at it again, she walked on at a venture amongst the trees, frequently being stopped by the brambles and briars, from which she had difficulty to disengage herself: at length she found herself in a little glade, and looking round her on every side, she perceived a path which was not much beaten: she followed it, and found it rough, hilly, and sandy. It conducted her to several little roads in the form of a star; she took the one which appeared least embarrassed, and in about a quarter

of an hour arrived at a meadow, where she saw many domestic animals grazing. This sight gave her great pleasure; the habitation of the owner of these flocks, she thought, could not be at any great distance. A large clump of trees appeared in sight, which she imagined might conceal it from her view, and she went towards it, in order to be convinced. As she approached, she saw a large circle of poplar-trees, with their branches thickly interwoven, and closed up together in such a manner as entirely to shut up the place they surrounded; which, with a large brook that run at their feet, rendered the place utterly inaccessible.

Though the Princess was extremely surprized, she walked a long time on the banks of this rivulet, seeking a passage over, and flattering herself she should find one. Her expectation was not deceived; two oaks thrown across, and supported

ported at each end on a heap of flints, shewed her a bridge strong enough to pass over. She crossed it, and entered an orchard, where the trees, loaded with fruit, planted in regular rows, and at convenient distances, shewed signs of cultivation. All sorts of vegetables and culinary herbs, with various flowers and aromatic plants, charmed her by their variety; and she saw mixed together the most useful productions of the earth, with the most beautiful flowers which are planted in gardens.

The charms of this retreat, the brightness and perfume of the flowers, the purity of the air, the singing of numbers of birds, the murmurs of the small rivulet which winded round her, fixed the attention of Christina, and for a moment suspended her anxiety. She thought she had been guided under the divine protection, into a retreat where holy Anchorets

concealed themselves, unknown to men, and favoured by Heaven. She clapped her hands together, and called aloud to implore the assistance of these pious hermits. No one answered. Alarmed at this silence, she began to fear that this forest was really enchanted, and that all she saw was mere illusion. What! has this flock no shepherd? And this orchard, so cultivated, has it no habitation belonging to it? What, not one single cottage appear to her sight! not a creature reply to the sound of her voice! Intimidated and disheartened, she threw herself on the ground, thinking it useless to go any farther. But soon rejecting ideas so contrary to reason, she arose, took courage, continued her search, and following the fence which was formed by the poplar-trees, she came to a little eminence, from whence she saw a turn of the rivulet; and at a place which is left dry, she discovered a steep path, hedged in on both sides

sides with flowering thorns and wild roses. She made no difficulty to pursue this road, and cried out with joy on perceiving, at the bottom of the descent, a young woman seated on the grass, playing at her ease with two little girls, who sung and danced round her.

At the lively exclamation of the Princess, the young woman turned her head, and saw her with surprize, but without any marks of fear. She got up, saluted her with politeness, and asked her by what accident a lady of her exalted appearance had found herself in this retired place? Christina, overcome with fatigue, and breathing with difficulty, had scarcely power to acquaint her in what manner she had strayed from her company. The inhabitant of the wood, observing her paleness, hastened to conduct her to a very spacious grotto, and to shew her every mark of the most obliging hospitality.

She presented her with fruits, honey, and cream, with cakes of different kinds; and and whilst she was serving her with these simple provisions, and inviting to repair her exhausted spirits, the little girls were spreading flowers round her on the table, and consulting, in a whisper, which they should collect to compose a nosegay for the beautiful stranger. Refreshed by her light repast, and by the assurance that she should be reconducted, in two or three hours, to the monastery she had left in the morning, she was able to observe curiously both the grotto and its inhabitants. The mistress of the place, dressed, as were the children, in fine white linen, discovered, in those simple habits, nothing of that negligence which announces poverty. A broad silk sash of pink and blue, which went many times round her waist, marked her slender and genteel shape. Her flaxen hair, partly flowing and partly in curls, was confined by a garland of flowers. She had

had grace in all her movements, fine eyes, features most pleasing, an ease and freedom in expressing herself, and that happy air which is derived from a serene and peaceful mind.

The Princess could not refrain from asking her questions: to which she replied, that she was called Germaine; that she was born near the lake of Constance; had lived in this retreat for ten years, into which no one had ever penetrated till this day: that she lived there with her husband and a friend of his: that the orchard and the flock belonged to them: they kept the one, and cultivated the other; and both contributed to their support, and even to their amusements; employment becoming a pleasure to people in a solitude, which idleness might perhaps make irksome.

“ But,” said Christina, “ is it choice, or unfortunate incidents, that have taken you

you from society, and confined you so long in the midst of these woods?" "In truth, Madam," replied Germaine, "the desire of being happy has alone brought me hither: all my felicity was fixed on making an amiable, generous, and indulgent man so. My prayers are granted: the certainty of his happiness every instant redoubles mine. Perfectly contented, I do not even reflect that there exist other countries and other people."

The more the Princess examined the beautiful recluse, the more her air, her person, and the sweetness of her conversation, interested her. She wished to know more of her; and willing to obtain her confidence, she gave her her own: she imparted to her her rank and name; and afterwards intreated her to tell her by what singularity her own and her husband's happiness seemed to depend on a life so retired.

"What

“What concerns me is little worthy the attention of so great a Princess,” replied Germaine with great modesty. “In the world I was nothing, Madam, and have left nothing in it worth regretting. My Father, a gentleman of good family, though little fortune, possessed a small castle on the banks of the lake of Constance. My mother and I lived there in peace with him, when he drew on himself the hatred of a powerful neighbour, by giving an asylum to two unfortunate persons who were persecuted by that cruel and vindictive Lord. The Count Adolphus de Singen swore the destruction of my father; obliged his vassals to lay waste our lands; and finding them too slow to satisfy his fury, he came himself at the head of his troops, to attack and ruin a defenceless people. Constrained to fly, we owed our preservation to the few villagers who lived dependent on us.

“Without

“ Without resource, without hope, my father gave himself up wholly to the desire of revenge. He sought an opportunity with so much zeal and ardour, that at length he found it. Concealed under different disguises, always following the Count's steps, he saw him one morning in a wood, at a distance from the crowd of hunters, pursuing a roebuck: he seized the reins of his horse; obliged him to dismount; made himself known to him; challenged him, attacked him, wounded him mortally, and then took flight, on seeing the company of hunters hastening towards them. My father never more appeared. Wounded himself, doubtless he perished in the midst of the wood, where he lay concealed. My mother, more afflicted at the loss of her husband than his fortune, fell a prey to her grief in a few months. I was then twelve years old. Left alone, I found myself without support. When the Baroness of Mindleheim

Mindleheim learned my melancholy situation, she sent for me; I had the happiness to please her; she gave me protection, and placed me among the maids of honour of the Countess of Aglæé, her niece.

“ I passed three years with her, well enough satisfied with my situation; but the fear of losing my asylum gave me pain. Ernest de Singen, son of the cruel Adolphus, inherited a magnificent estate in the neighbourhood of Aglæé: he came to reside there; and reports were spread, that an alliance was about to be formed between them. I thought myself lost. Ernest would doubtless look upon me with horror, and would not suffer the daughter of Adolphus's murderer to be about Aglæé. I had formed a dreadful idea of the young Count: my imagination painted him under the features of his father, whose image was still present to my

my memory. My heart palpitated with fear when I heard his name mentioned. If he came to the Castle, I ran to hide myself, and trembled all the time he staid there. Surprized one day by his unexpected appearance in a gallery where I was, I ventured to cast my eyes on him, and thought I saw an angel, where I imagined I should perceive the fierce image of Adolphus. From that instant I found I had no longer the power to avoid him.

“Every voice united in the praise of Count Ernest; they extolled his person, his mind, the nobleness of his disposition, and his amiable qualities. Aglaë, secretly attached to another, confessed his merit, but did not appear to be smitten with it. He perceived her coldness, but did not seem to wish to inspire her with more tender sentiments. Assiduous to oblige, without the ardour of a lover, he had the air of a kind friend, and was pleased

pleased to be at the Castle, where he frequently came; but never conversed with the Countess concerning the union which their families were meditating.

“Recovered from my first terrors, melancholy reflections inspired me with new fears. I was not easy in the presence of the Count. I often surprized him looking at me. The fire which was expressed in his eyes appeared to me to be the effect of anger and aversion. I said, with grief to myself, He hates me; the sight of me recalls fatal ideas to his mind; I am, and ever shall be, an object of enmity to Count Ernest. Alas! why did my father destroy his? I wept; I afflicted myself; the misfortune of being odious to him seemed to me to be the height of misery.

“One morning Aglæe was to have gone a-hunting, accompanied by the Count, and a party of her household; but finding herself indisposed during the night,
Ernest,

Ernest, on his arrival, found the order was changed, the Countess's gentlemen gone to the wood, and the young huntresses detained, and amusing themselves in the gardens. The Count entered there. I was alone, under the shade of an arbour, where I frequently retired, and was singing. My voice guided his steps; he advanced without noise; and I saw him near me with so much surprize, that I could not forbear screaming. "Ah, Germaine!" said he, "does the sight of me terrify you? Does it spread horror over your countenance? Explain to me this effect which my presence has on you: I am for ever miserable, if it gives you pain."

"I would have answered, but could not express myself. He seated himself by me, took my hand, looked at me a long time, seemed about to speak, hesitated, and at length breaking silence, "Oh, my beautiful Germaine!" said he to me, "your companions have informed me, that
that

that before you knew me, you imagined you should find an enemy in me. The son of the Count Adolphus was the object of your terror. Time and my conduct ought to have undeceived you. Doubtless you no longer think me unjust or revengeful. But has nothing told you that you have in Ernest a tender, sincere, and ardent lover? Yes, my lovely girl, you alone draw me to the Castle of Aglæ; it is you only who have touched the heart which she was to have had the disposal of, and you only shall receive the hand destined for her, if you consent to give me yours—if those lips, half open to destroy or confirm my hopes, will allow me to discover, by their answer, the smallest wish to make me happy.”

“ Astonished and confounded, but yet charmed, I was afraid to look at him, or speak to him. I thought myself deluded by an enchanting dream. I beloved by Count Ernest! Could I believe it? “You are

are silent, my dear Germaine!" continued he; "whence arises this confusion, these blushes, and the agitation which I discover by your trembling hand? Look at me, answer me, do not leave me a moment longer in the uncertainty I am thrown into by your silence and emotion." I cast my eyes on him—ah, Madam! it seemed as if was the first time I saw him. I know not what new attractions, what ineffable graces were spread over his person. This Ernest, whose hatred I had so long feared, was *my friend, my ardent lover*; preferred me to the Countess Aglæe, and made his happiness depend on my affection. A lively and unexpected emotion of joy and gratitude, and tenderness concealed in my heart, drew from me tears of pleasure: "Ah! how," cried I, "is it possible I should not wish to promote the felicity of him whose goodness and indulgence renders me so happy at this instant."

"Have

“Have I heard right?” said he; “is it true, really true, that my felicity may become the source of yours? What, then, does my beauteous friend wish my happiness? But, alas! when she knows my intentions, my schemes, and what a price it will cost her to render me happy, she will perhaps cease to do so.” “Never, never!” interrupted I with vivacity. “May you always retain the same sentiments!” cried he. “But before I reveal my designs to you, permit me to make myself acquainted with your taste and inclinations; to recal your ideas to the past, the present, and even to the future: When I first came hither, had you no attachment? Was there no one person you preferred, or wished to please? Did the brilliant situation of Aglæe never make you envy her rank and fortune? You love solitude, and frequently meditate; what ideas offer themselves to your imagination in those long walks you are so fond of taking? Do you

you form to yourself any pleasing illusions? By the delusive wanderings of a lively imagination, we often accustom ourselves to prize ideal happiness, which is self-created. Tell me, my dear Germaine! which of all the wishes you have formed, would make you happiest in its accomplishment."

"In truth," replied I, without hesitating, "before I saw you no one appeared amiable in my eyes. Far from envying the situation of Aglaë, I was satisfied with my own: and even since I ventured to look at you, the only wish of my heart has been, that I might not be the object of your hatred."

"The Count put his arm round my waist, and pressed me to him with transport, and was softened even to tears. "Why is it not permitted me," said he, "to shew the sense I have of your candid confession,

confession, by openly giving you my hand
 and heart, and making you mistress of my
 fortune! But I must not pursue the com-
 mon road to unite my destiny with that
 of Germaine: the vengeance of her father
 puts an unsurmountable bar between her
 and the son of Adolphus. There is only
 one method of getting over it: it is a
 strange one: may I dare to propose it to
 you? May I hope and believe it will not
 make your heart revolt? It is not my rank,
 my fortune, my titles, that I can offer to
 my lovely friend; it is my heart, my per-
 son, my vows, and an unalterable affec-
 tion. She cannot be Countess of Singen,
 in the sight of Germany, who would be
 shocked at our union. It would be equal-
 ly censured in a foreign country; my
 choice would every where draw upon me
 just reproaches. To quit the world, and
 fly to some obscure retreat, will be the on-
 ly means to avoid censure, and allow me
 to give way to my inclinations. There
 we

we should be our own masters; and, separated from the rest of human beings, we should there pass our days in peace; you would make mine happy: but does my dear Germaine love me enough, to sacrifice the rest of the universe to the pleasure of living with me?"

Whilst he spoke, he observed me with the greatest attention. Surprized not to perceive any alteration in my countenance, and charmed with the air of tranquillity with which I listened to him, "What," said he, with an animated tone of voice, "is not my dear Germaine terrified at my proposal? Does not the idea of eternal solitude alarm her? Can she, without fear and without repugnance, bury herself in an asylum, where she would live and breathe only for me?" "Yes, I can do it with pleasure, with delight," cried I. "In whatever place I can see the Count Ernest, and can say to myself, he

he loves me, and is happy; there my wishes will be granted, and my felicity perfect."

"But, Madam," said Germaine, interrupting her recital, "I shall tire your patience by this long story." No, indeed, you will not," replied the Princess; "your complaisance greatly obliges me, and I entreat you to go on. Doubtless you consented to hide yourself in the midst of this forest?" "Yes, Madam," answered Germaine; "and I determined on it with the utmost joy my heart could feel." "But how," said Christina, "did you penetrate into this horrible desert? Why make choice of this forest, which superstition has so long made dreadful in the minds of the credulous inhabitants of the neighbouring villages? By what chance did you discover, in so savage a place, the delightful retreat you live in?"

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"Chance

“Chance had no hand in this discovery, Madam,” said Germaine; “Ernest had known of this grotto for more than three years: a pious hermit lived there; we came and partook of his asylum, and we still enjoy his society and friendship. He is called Emanuel, and was a long time first chaplain to Count Adolphus. Having one day warmly opposed the severity of this violent and inhuman man, he was warned to withdraw himself from his resentment. Emanuel left the castle instantly, and no one knew to what place he had retired.

“After the death of Adolphus, his son, who was attached to this worthy man from his infancy, on account of his virtues and knowledge, felt an extreme pleasure on receiving a letter from him; it was to ask him to come and see the chaplain of the convent, to which, Madam, you wish to return. Ernest went thither, saw Emanuel, and

and found him determined not to quit his retreat. He conducted the Count to this grotto, which was at that time his only habitation. This hermitage pleased the heir of Adolphus, who, since the death of that tyrannical and unjust lord, had found himself disturbed in his possessions. Far from keeping the lands usurped by the violence of his father, he restored to his vassals all they had lost. His easy goodness was a means of making covetous men claim those which had never belonged to them. The Count, frequently obliged to defend his rights sword in hand, was afflicted at the dishonesty of his neighbours: this, together with his affection for me, the obstacles opposed to our union, and the desire of conquering them, turned all his thoughts towards solitude; and as to me, Madam, who had no other idea of happiness than that of looking on Ernest; who loved him when I thought I feared him; who could conceive no more flattering or

more real pleasure, than that of constantly seeing him, and hearing him perpetually; could I possibly refuse to adopt his plans, his schemes, his wishes; or to enter on a course of life, so capable of fulfilling every wish of my heart?"

"And you have followed his plan," said Christina: "but are you satisfied, are you happy? Have you never experienced any moments of sadness or weariness? Have you never repented your complaisance?"

"Oh, never, never!" replied Germaine.

"But," pursued the Princess, "two men alone could never have cleared this great piece of ground bounded by the poplars, so as to make a garden of it at once so beautiful and so useful?" "No, Madam,"

replied Germaine; "hands more accustomed to labour were employed for that purpose: a number of workmen, engaged by the generosity of Ernest, ventured to

come

come into the forest, conducted by the chaplain. They prepared my abode, and and were employed in ornamenting it.— But,” added she, rising, and beating against one side of the grotto with her hand, “it is fit you should see my real habitation.”—A door opened, and discovered a garden much larger than the first, in the midst of which was raised a handsome pavilion: the Princess entered it, and went through the different apartments; admired the chapel, and visited attentively this commodious and charming retreat. Plenty of conveniences, nothing superfluous; no ornaments were to be met with, but every thing necessary, and the most perfect neatness, were here found: vases filled with flowers, were the only things which added elegance to the simplicity of the place. The Princess cast her eyes many times around her; she meditated, she sighed, and looking tenderly on Germaine, “I should like to live here,”

said she to her; "I have no longer any doubt but you are happy." "More so than it is possible for me to express," replied the beautiful companion of the Count de Singen. From the day when the faithful Ernest took me privately from the castle of Aglæe; from the moment when Emanuel joined our hands in the chapel you came from, and united our hearts and destinies; nothing has disturbed my happiness." At this moment, the two hermits, returning from their walk, appeared at the entrance of the garden, and advanced towards the stranger to salute her: informed by Germaine of her rank and adventure, they both paid to the daughter of Philip the respect due to her birth.

The Princess, struck with the venerable air of Emanuel, was not less so with the fine features of Ernest, the noble air of his person, and the peculiar grace which accompanied all his motions. As the day
was

was not far advanced, she did not press her hosts to conduct her back to the monastery, but was pleased to converse with them, and to hear them talk. Unwilling to incommode them, or delay their repast, which one of the little girls informed them was ready, she sat down to table with them. Their conversation was animated; Christina gave proofs of the solidity of her judgment: Emanuel was astonished at the depth of her knowledge, Ernest at her wit, and Germaine at her sweetness and affability.

Opinions founded on the same principles prepared the hearts of these four persons to unite in the ties of friendship and esteem. The Princess promised the Count de Singen never to discover his retreat; but she added one condition to the silence she imposed on herself—she must revisit Germaine and her friends, and sometimes return to their charming dwelling. They

were solicitous to find out a method for her to do this without their being discovered. Germaine thought of one. The Princess, before her return to Fullingen, might publicly make a vow to visit this miraculous chapel at certain times, and spend some days in retirement with the nuns; during which, under pretence of carrying offerings to the little oratories placed at the entrance of the forest, and only permitting the chaplain to accompany her in these pious exercises, it would be very easy for her to go with him to the hermitage, whose inhabitants she condescended to favour, and whose happiness would be increased by the hope of being again honoured with her presence.

This scheme of Germaine's was much approved. The approach of night at length constrained the Princess to quit this peaceful retreat: she embraced the beautiful recluse many times; assured her
of

of a tender and lasting friendship; fixed a time for her return; left her with regret; and followed her guides through a thousand turns, which led her to the walls of the nunnery. The accident which had befallen her in the morning was already known there. The community were at prayers, soliciting the divine assistance in favour of the daughter of Philip, lost and wandering amongst demons and magicians. The chaplain to these holy nuns received her with joy from the hands of Emanuel and Ernest, who immediately took leave of her, and hastened to return to their dwelling.

They opened the doors to Christina; they rang all the bells; they sang *Te Deum*; they sent messengers to spread the news of her happy escape from the forest. Her attendants who had been dispersed in order to seek her, reassembled the next day at the convent, and thanks were

again returned to Heaven, when they saw the Princess delivered from the terrible dangers she had been exposed to.

Christina, unaccustomed to fatigue, was a little indisposed. Her paleness and loss of strength were thought to be the effect of the frightful apparitions, the cries and howlings, with which she had doubtless been terrified the whole day. Her women waited impatiently for the recital of her adventures in a forest filled with spectres and phantoms. The silence of the Princess surprized them, and excited their curiosity to an extreme degree. She talked to them in mysterious language, and gave them to understand, that a superior power prevented her from revealing important secrets which had been unveiled to her eyes.

The solemn vow she made to come every three months to worship the holy image
of

of Nôtre Dame de Bois, of passing nine days in the convent, without suffering one of her attendants to disturb her retreat, persuaded them she had been preserved by a miracle : but her reserve, the secrecy she observed on the subject of apparitions, embarrassed them; they wished to penetrate the cause; they thought of it again and again; it employed their whole attention. Why was she mute? Could evil spirits have forced the Princess to sign a contract of silence? In short, they formed their opinions; they established facts; a regular history was composed. It was soon published abroad, and as soon credited. The authors of these absurd stories insensibly forgot that they were the inventors; they believed them themselves, and affirmed the truth of them. The forest inspired new terrors; they called it the accursed forest; no person dared to enter it, and travellers turned out of their road, for fear of coming near these dangerous woods.

When

When Christina was returned to Ful-
lingen, she frequently united the remem-
brance of Sigefroid with that of the her-
mit in the forest: she compared the peace-
ful tranquillity of Germaine, and the calm
she enjoyed, with all the trifling advanta-
ges formed by the active fancies of men;
with all those enjoyments so much sought
after and desired, and sometimes purchas-
ed at the price of honour and justice, and
always exchanged for peace and rest.
In examining these goods of fortune,
none of them appeared to her real or so-
lid. Power itself, so much esteemed and
so much envied, was it the source of hap-
piness? In spite of its apparent value or
extent, it is bounded in the eyes of its
owner, and neither gives him happiness
or contentment. What constraint, what
distressing circumspection oppose them-
selves to the peace of mind of a person
brought up in *splendour*! Germaine, far
happier in her retreat, tastes there the most
refined

refined pleasure, constantly offered to her, and always received with delight. To love and be beloved; never to lose sight of the adored object; never to fear a rival in his heart; to see every day resemble the past, and to be able every evening to say, To-morrow will bring back the same joys — can there be a felicity greater, or more capable of completing the wishes of a reasonable or sensible being?

The absence of the Count de Sigefroid inspired the Princess with these reflections. Interesting news lessened her sadness. After six months uncertainty concerning the fate of Sigefroid, she heard of him, and of the brave actions he had performed, and the glory he had atchieved in the north. The Count de Surger had passed over into Denmark, by the order of Philip, who had just sent a powerful assistance to his ancient friend and ally, Rodolphus. He found this Monarch employed in repulsing

pulling the attacks of many grandees of his own kingdom, who were leagued against him. Sigefroid had scarcely appeared amongst the King's defenders, when victory followed his standards. Immediately the name of Surger inspires fear, and throws terror among the battalions of the enemy: every one flies at the sight of the valiant warrior, whose noble boldness excited the emulation of the royal party. They look upon Sigefroid as the tutelar angel of Rodolphus. Weakened by the loss of three battles, discouraged, repentant, and submissive, the rebels implore the King's forgiveness, and receive at his feet the pardon he condescends to grant them.

These troubles dissipated, and peace re-established, Sigefroid prepares to quit Denmark: but Rodolphus, charmed with his valour, and taken with his amiable qualities, conceives for him the sentiments of

of a father ; wishes to attach him to his court, marry him to a Princess of his own family, and load him with benefits. The Count respectfully declined the Prince's offers. Obedient to the orders of Christina, he leaves Denmark, and visits many countries in the north ; from thence goes to the south ; and leaves in every place glorious marks of his bravery. Although conqueror in all combats and tournaments, his triumphs do not excite his vanity ; he seems ignorant of the graces of his person, and the splendour of his reputation. His modest cheek blushes under the laurels with which he is crowned ; his mildness blunts the shafts of envy ; and the noble and generous lover of the Princess of Swabia is still more beloved than admired. Philip's troops, being returned from Denmark, spread the news of the young hero's exploits. Strangers who pass through Augsburg take pleasure in repeating his praises. His mother receives

ceives letters from Rodolphus, and congratulations from Philip; and Christina enjoys, in the secret of her heart, the glory of the Count, and employs herself in devising the means of rewarding his painful obedience. She has a glimpse of them; her ideas become fixed; she already begins to prepare for the more easy accomplishment of the plan of conduct she intends to pursue; and she waits impatiently the Count's return, in order to communicate it to him. The first year of his absence is expired, the second far advanced, but he comes not back. What fate contrary to her wishes detains him from her? Christina is uneasy. But now all is going to change, every thing conspires to rob her of her peace, her hopes, and her asylum.

On her return from one of her pilgrimages to the miraculous chapel, to which she was drawn by the pleasure of seeing
and

and conversing with the amiable recluses of the wood, who were become her friends, the confidants of her wishes, her schemes, and all the sentiments of her heart, she found the Countess de Surger ill, and received from her hands a letter, or rather an order, from Philip. She was to prepare herself to quit Fullingen the moment he should arrive at Augsbuurg; to which place he should send for her. The Countess told her, that the Duke, who had been absent a long time from that city, was now going to fix his abode there: that, being reconciled to the Emperor, he had given peace to all Germany; a part of whose Princes, interested in the treaty, were coming to sign it: that they were preparing the most brilliant feasts at Augsbuurg: that the Duke would have his daughter preside at them, to augment the splendour of his Court, and bring in her suite all the young persons who had been educated with her. To this news the

Countess

Countess added in confidence to the Princess, that her marriage with the Emperor was fixed upon; and that immediately after the entertainments given on account of the peace, Prince Charles would come to espouse her in the name of his brother, and place the Imperial Crown on her head; and she congratulated her illustrious pupil on being the bond of a peace so much desired by all Germany. Terrified and astonished at receiving this intelligence, Christina with difficulty conceals her trouble and grief; she withdraws from the unwelcome joy of her household, and, with a mind agitated, an heart oppressed, and eyes wet with tears, she wanders over the retreat from which they are about to tear her; she stops in the arbours, under the shades, and on the brink of the fountains, where the Count de Surger had so often procured amusements for her, and where they had together enjoyed their infantine sports. Chance guides her steps
towards

towards the place where their hearts had made their mutual confessions, and where she had received the last adieu of her amiable brother, her tender friend. At the sight of that place, her tears ceased to flow; the recollection of her promises brought back all her resolution. "No," cried she to herself, "Christina will never forfeit her word: the will of a Prince, who has so long banished me from his presence, shall never change mine; he shall not dispose of my person! Return, O thou whom I love! Come and see me prefer thy affection to the Imperial crown—come and see me live for thee, and with thee, or see me descend to the tomb, faithful to thy love, to my own, and to its engagements!"

A new affliction increased still more the grief of the Princess. The disorder of the Countess augments; the violent and redoubled attacks of a burning fever put her

her life in danger. How can she bear to be taken from Fullingen before her recovery? Can she leave the mother of Sigefroid, deprived of her assistance, her consolation? If the Count arrives after her departure, what sorrow will it give to his tender and sensible heart! He will find his mother dying, his friend departed; he will suppose her at her ease in Augsburg, forgetting, in the midst of feasts and entertainments, him, to whom she had said repeatedly, "*Return faithful, and we shall be happy!*"

The compassionate Christina cannot leave the chamber where the mother of her lover lies struggling with death; she caresses her, and does her utmost to relieve her. The Countess, finding herself much weakened, and ready to sink under her illness, one evening sends away all her attendants, and addressing herself to the Princess, "Will you pardon

don a mother, Madam," said she to her, "for daring to speak to you concerning her dearest interests? Will you permit me to place in your hands the fortune of my son? I am ignorant how you became acquainted with his presumptuous passion for you; but I know that you have punished him for it, by banishing him from this place, which my orders were not able to do. Forget, Madam, an involuntary sentiment; cease to be offended at it; deign to remember with kindness the friend of your infancy, a relation so frequently honoured by you with the tender name of brother. Contribute to his elevation; second the favourable intentions of the King of Denmark. That Prince demands Sigefroid of the Duke your father: he wishes to unite him to the Princess Sophia, his niece, and the heiress of his kingdom. A foolish passion engaged the Count de Surger to refuse such great advantages. For
heaven's

heaven's sake, make use of the power he gives you over his heart, to oblige him to return to the Court of Rodolphus, to marry the Princess Sophia, and reign in Denmark. Reward me for my cares and attachment by promoting the happiness of my son. Soften the last moments of a dying mother, deprived of the consolation of seeing, embracing, and blessing a beloved child, by the promise."— A fainting fit would not suffer her to finish; they could not recal her senses: and three hours afterwards her eyes closed, never more to open.

Sensibly affected by the death of the Countess, and sorrowfully employed in the cares of raising a monument, which she consecrates to her memory, Christina called to mind with bitterness the request a mother, agitated in her last moments with the desire of her son's elevation, had made her. In reflecting upon the King
of

of Denmark's offers, and the refusal of Sigefroid, she admired the noble disinterestedness of the Count, his love, and his fidelity. An emotion of pleasure makes her heart palpitate; but it is soon followed by a painful sensation. How shall she make this generous lover amends for so great a sacrifice? The niece of Rodolphus would place the Count de Surger on the throne she is to ascend; and the Princess of Swabia would condemn him to live in obscurity—she would oblige him to adopt her ideas of happiness, and perhaps to sacrifice to her his own. For the first time she hesitated concerning the resolution she had taken. Firm in the design of never being another's, she doubts whether circumstances permit her to unite herself to him: however, she neglected none of the measures capable of rendering herself mistress of her own destiny; she had long since concerted means to accomplish it, and her mind is easy on this interesting subject.

A month

A month after the death of the Countess, the Duke of Swabia returned to Augsb-
burg. A detachment of his guards go to
Fullingen for Christina; she accompanies
them, arrives there, and is met by crouds
of people, who, surprized and charmed
with her appearance, called to mind the
fate of the unfortunate Eleanora, and wish-
ed her lovely daughter a happier destiny.
Redoubled acclamations announced her
arrival at the palace; the Duke comes out
to meet her; the Princess falls on her
knees; her father raises her, embraces
her, and looks on her with earnestness.
He is struck with her beauty, her noble
air, and majestic appearance. He seems
to hear with delight the murmur of admi-
ration and applause which her presence
excites. During the first days after her
arrival, he frequently converses with her;
admires her wit, her understanding, the
justness of her sentiments, and the elegance
of her expressions. But whether, after so
long

long an exile, he doubts the tenderness of his daughter; whether he is ashamed to give himself up to paternal affection, or fears the reproach of having shewn it too late, he discovers not to Christina that familiar and social kindness which is so capable of attaching a sensible heart; she sees herself in her father's palace, like a foreign Princess, treated with all respect; and if the homage of the courtiers convince her she is the heiress of Swabia, nothing serves to prove to her she is the daughter of Philip.

The Princes expected at Augsburg arrive; the treaty is signed, peace is proclaimed, and the jousts which had been announced begin. The lists, open to all comers for ten days, draw a croud of strangers to the Duke's court. Nothing can equal the magnificence of the knights; and Philip shews his, by the reward destined to the conqueror: a rich sword, made

of the finest tempered steel, fixed in a scabbard ornamented with the most beautiful jewels, is to be presented by the Princess to the fortunate hero who shall close the tournament by vanquishing the person who keeps the field. Christina assists at these entertainments without pleasure, and without interesting herself in them: even the novelty of the sight scarcely engages her attentions. Whilst the combatants are disputing the prize of their strength and address, she is thinking of Sigefroid, and astonished at finding him prolong the time of his absence. Messengers sent to Fullingen assure her he is not come there. Where is he? What can he be about? What can keep him at such a distance from her? Is he returned to Denmark?—Does he yield to the wishes of Rodolphus; to the charms of the Princess Sophia;—or, on the point of returning, has he learnt the designs of her father with regard to her? Perhaps, believing her disposed to receive the

the hand of the Emperor, he has for ever abandoned Swabia. Unhappy, agitated, and wholly taken up with the thoughts of Sigefroid, she observes not any of the knights who distinguish themselves in the hope of being rewarded by her hands.

The last day of the tournament redoubles the ardour of the combatants; they all unite themselves against a Prince of Saxony, who had conquered on the first jousts. His efforts prevail over those of his rivals; but a Marquis of Moravia, newly arrived, disputes with him the honour of the triumph, and obtains it by the extraordinary strength with which he is endowed, and proudly applauds himself on his victory. A murmur of indignation arises on all sides. The gigantic stature of that Marquis; his aukward gait, and haughty air, displease and enrage the spectators. With concern they see him overthrow ten other assailants, and insult their weakness

by contemptuous smiles; but, contrary to the wishes of the multitude, he remains master of the field. The reward is no longer disputed with him; he is on the point of receiving it, when a knight of majestic appearance, mounted on a superb courser, enters the lists, advances towards the Marquis, salutes him, and demands the honour of breaking a lance with him.

All eyes are turned towards the stranger, whose noble countenance reanimates the desires, and gives the hopes of seeing the haughty knight humbled. The Marquis smiles disdainfully, pities the rashness of this new combatant, and cries with a loud voice, that he is going to punish him for it. They both at the same time retire to proper distances, point their lances, return with impetuosity, and meet with great violence. The stranger is not shaken; he receives on his shield the lance
of

of the Marquis, makes it fly in pieces, and, by the vigorous stroke of his own, forces him to quit his saddle, and throws him on the ground without sense or motion.

The fall of the insolent Moravian excites tumultuous joy; the air is filled with acclamations and cries of gladness, so that the sound of the trumpets are scarce heard amidst the applause of the multitude. The stranger would have withdrawn himself from the public view, and have gone out of the lists without being known, but his esquires could not open him a passage. He is surrounded and conducted to the balcony, where Philip, and the Princess by his side, sat ready to crown the conqueror. He takes off his helmet, and discovers to Christina features which were very dear to her—It is the valiant Count de Surger, it is the amiable Sigefroid, who, kneeling before her, seems to seek in her eyes the reward of his victory.

The surprize of the Princess, her lively emotions, spread a beautiful blush on her cheeks: tenderness and joy appear in her lovely and expressive countenance: she presents the magnificent sword to her lover, and the spectators repeat their joyful acclamations on his receiving it. The Duke presses his young relation in his arms, and congratulates him on his success in Denmark, on the friendship of Rodolphus, and the fortune that Prince has in store for him. All the strangers pay him the greatest honours. The Court of Christina loads him with caresses; that of the Duke eagerly surrounds him. In the midst of so much applause, Sigefroid looks about him with a troubled countenance; he sees not his mother about the Princess; he enquires for her; they hesitate; his pressing questions embarrass Christina's women; at length they tell him she remains at Fullingen, but refuse to satisfy him

him whether her own choice, disgrace, or her infirmities, keep her there.

Alarmed for the fate of his mother, he cannot support the uncertainty in which they leave him. Insensible to the triumph preparing for him, he seizes the moment when they were going back to the palace, conceals himself from the sight of every one, gets through the croud, rejoins his equerries, takes a fresh horse, mounts it, and flies to Fullingen. If his mother is in exile, he is determined to partake her solitude, to soften her grief by his presence and attentions; and if she is ill, he will attend on her, comfort her, and watch over the preservation of her life.

Alas! what a melancholy sight offers itself to the eyes of this affectionate son! A sad monument contains her whose interest brings him to Fullingen! Grief penetrates his heart; he prostrates himself

E 4.

before

before the tomb where lie the ashes of his mother; he bathes with his tears the marble, where the Princess of Swabia had *so often shewn the same testimony* of her attachment to the memory of the Countess de Surger. The name of Christina, engraved on this marble, unite and confound, in the heart of Sigefroid, the sentiments of filial duty with that of unfortunate love. He weeps for two irreparable losses; his mother is no more, and Christina will soon cease to live for him! Ready to receive the title of Empress, she no longer thinks of the lover to whom she has vowed eternal constancy. He had just seen her satisfied and contented; joy shone in her face, and in her lovely eyes; her engagements are effaced from her memory; he will never recall them to her mind: he will not suffer himself to complain of, or to reproach her; he will never again see the Princess of Swabia. Ah, why should he disturb the happiness of his

his august friend, excite her compassion, or raise a sentiment of remorse in her sensible and generous heart, for having afflicted a tender lover, by giving him flattering and delusive hopes!

Sentiments very different would have agitated the bosom of the Count de Surger, had he known the intentions of Christina; —if, less hasty in leaving her, he had allowed her time to speak to him, to confide her secrets to him, and to learn from her the astonishment she was preparing for the Court, whose expectations she was going to deceive, and throw them into great consternation. From the time she had resided at Augsburg, the Princess had been taking precautions that she might not be there when Prince Charles arrived. An intelligent friend seconded her designs, and assured her of success. This friend fixed the flight of Christina for the second night after the end of the feasts. The departure

parture of a number of strangers would favour hers, would conceal her steps, and embarrass them as to the road she had taken.

On the point of quitting for ever the Court of her father, Christina would not leave Sigefroid in the pain and uncertainty which the report of her flight would give him. She writes to him, and bids him guard against the surprize which an unexpected event might cause in him: she points out to him a place, a day, and an hour, when the causes of this event should be made known to him, begs him to come alone to the place mentioned; there he shall receive proofs that the Princess of Swabia is still the sister and friend of the Count de Surger.

A person unknown, whose air of distinction appears through a very ordinary dress, brings this letter to Fullingen, gives
it

it into the hands of the Count, and goes away without waiting for an answer. Sigefroid, stricken with the sight of these beloved characters, kisses the letter with transport before he reads it. But with what fear and astonishment is he filled on perusing it! What can be the meaning of this information, of this strange messenger, this very mysterious rendezvous.—None of Christina's expressions are capable of clearing his doubts concerning her sentiments. Whilst he is in vain searching to find out a favourable meaning in them, the Princess of Swabia, disguised and concealed under the habit of a common equerry, accompanied by the only confidant of this her dangerous undertaking, hastens towards the asylum, where voluntarily resigning her grandeur, her titles, with the borrowed splendour of pomp and riches, and shining only by her own charms, she is going to real and lasting pleasures, offered by Nature to all
those

those who are capable of valuing them; pleasures unknown to, or neglected by, the silly croud of mortals, who lose themselves in their unbounded wishes, and run without ceasing after the deceitful image of a fantastic happiness.

The flight of the Princess occasions inexpressible disorder in the palace, and fills it with the greatest confusion. The furious Duke vows the ruin and death of his daughter's ravishers: he mounts his horse, puts himself at the head of his guards, and pursues at a venture, not knowing which way to take. But, during this unsuccessful search, he begins to consider, that no person was able to have carried off Christina from the midst of so many people ready to defend her; without doubt she had gone voluntarily; a little less precipitation would have convinced him of it. On his return to Augsburg, one of his daughter's chaplains put into
his

his hands a letter from her, but no one knew the contents of it.

The surprising news of the flight of Christina is partly explained in her letter to Sigefroid; but how many cruel doubts arise in his mind, and grieve his heart! He returns to Augsburg, he enquires into the particulars of this strange event; but every one is ignorant of it. No one belonging to the Princess had suspected her design, nor seen any preparations for her departure. A door of her chamber left open, and a long ladder placed against the garden wall, were the only marks of her having left the palace. Her women cannot believe, that alone, and in a dark night, she would venture out. They affirm, with abundance of tears, that they had many times seen a pretended hermit talking to their mistress: he doubtless, by his diabolical art, had introduced himself

self into her apartment, and carried her away in her sleep.

Nothing is able to calm the mind of the Count: he returns to Fullingen, determined to wait there for the day appointed by Christina: but the sight of places where she no longer is, and to which she will never return, redoubles his affliction; he knows not how to support the painful uncertainty of the fate of the Princess. He feels an earnest desire to go to the place where he hopes to have his doubts cleared up: his fate depends upon an explanation. If he is never more to see Christina, he will for ever quit the objects most likely to bring her back to his remembrance: he will go towards the mouth of the Danube, among the monks, whose days were consecrated to tears and penitence: he will spend the remainder of his, in bewailing his credulity: he will endeavour to forget that there was a time when the Princess

Princess of Swabia promised to love him for ever !

His design being irrevocably formed, he disposes of his own and his mother's effects by a writing, and divides it among the servants who had behaved well, as a reward for their zeal and attachment. He then deposits the paper in the hands of his first equerry, and orders him to keep it six days without opening ; but on the seventh day to break the seal, if he is not returned by that time, and to follow exactly the instructions there written. He immediately departs alone and on foot, and at length finds himself near the place to which he was drawn by the most painful fears and the weakest hopes.

The nearer he approached it, the greater are his agitations ; at length the day, the moment arrives. Sigefroid follows the directions given him. It is at the entrance

trance of a thick wood, in a frightful desert, in which reigns a dismal silence. The course of a little rivulet is to conduct his steps, and lead him, by a narrow and winding path, to a kind of star, where large nosegays of hawthorn, fastened to the branches of trees, are to direct him which path to take. He is to stop at the foot of an antient oak, where he will see two garlands of jasmynes.

The Count walks on a long time without losing his way. At the sight of the oak and the garlands his heart palpitates: he looks around him; he sees nothing, he hears nothing: the smallest breath of wind which makes the leaves stir gives him great emotion. Near an hour passes in this painful expectation: at length a little noise strikes his attentive ear; he hears the sound of a person coming towards him: the thickness of the wood prevents him from seeing who it is; but she soon appears,

pears, and the sight of her forces a cry of joy and surprize from the Count de Surger. He flies to meet her; he throws himself at her feet; he is in doubt whether his eyes do not deceive him; if he be not deluded by a flattering illusion. "Is it you, Madam! is it really you?" said he. "Is it the daughter of Philip, the Princess of Swabia, who presents herself to my eyes in this savage place?" "No, my brother," answered Christina, "Swabia has no longer a Princess, the daughter of Philip has disappeared for ever; Christina only is before you." Saying this, she holds out her hand to him, makes him rise, and sit by her on the moss which surrounded the oak. He obeys, but a thousand confused ideas agitate his soul, and the Princess appears somewhat embarrassed: they look at each other, sigh, and are softened: the pleasure of meeting is disturbed by mutual fears; Christina is on the point of risking the loss of the great

great sacrifice she had made, and Sigefroid trembles to think he now perhaps sees her for the last time.

The silence and sadness of Christina afflicts the Count. "What have you done, Madam!" said he; "ah, my God, what have you done! Can I hear you pronounce these fatal words, 'Swabia has no longer a Princess, the daughter of Philip has disappeared for ever?' What fatal councils have determined her to forsake her father?"—"I have quitted the Duke of Swabia," interrupted Christina, "but not a father who will regret my loss. If Philip, softening in my favour his natural haughtiness, had shewn me any tenderness, had left me the liberty of living near him;—if his confidence, his kindness, and caresses, had persuaded me I was necessary to his happiness, I would have sacrificed my dearest wishes to his felicity. Was he not about to send me from him, to give me to the Emperor? Ah! of what importance.

importance is it to this unfeeling Prince where the daughter of Eleanora passes her days, when he never permitted her to add in any degree to his happiness!—But I did not desire this conference with you,” continued she, “in order to justify my conduct in your eyes: before you reproach me, learn what are my motives: another cause brings me hither; I come to fulfil the request of your mother, and the duties of friendship, and to free you from an attachment contrary to your interests.”

“Ah, stop, Madam!” said Sigefroid, turning pale; “I understand but too well this unpleasing language; alas! my forebodings have not deceived me—you no longer permit me to remain your slave.” “When I dared to impose laws on you,” replied the Princess, “to require fidelity and constancy of you, I did not foresee how much our mutual engagements might hurt the promotion of my

my tender and generous friend and brother. Flattering ideas seduced me, and misled my reason. I now know my error, and have changed my intentions. To persist in my first designs would be selfish, would be unjust. No, Sigefroid, I will not make an ill use of the attachment you have felt for me; I will not put a stop to the brilliant prospects which are opened before you; I will not deprive so noble a hero of the reward offered to his bravery; I will not bury the glory of the Count de Surger in the obscurity in which I wish to live. Forget you have loved Christina; forget you were beloved by her. Go, my brother, go and return to Denmark; yield to the desires of Rodolphus; complete the wishes of the Princess Sophia, and enjoy with her that rank and splendour which the heiress of Philip has for ever renounced."

"I can die at your feet, Madam," cried the Count, in an agony of grief, "but
I cannot

I cannot obey you. Why do you talk of glory, of grandeur? You are changed, and all my hopes of happiness are at an end. The utmost of my ambition was to serve you; my greatest glory was to merit your kindness. These then are the proofs of friendship promised me in your letter! But why, Madam, do you banish me? Why do you send me from you? How comes it that you order me to forget you? Do you fear my reproaches? Do you think me capable of insisting on the promises you made me? Could you not have broken the weak chain which attached you to me, without putting an unhappy lover to a trial which it is impossible for him to sustain, but to which you would condemn him? I will forget, Madam—yes, I will forget, that you deigned to give me hopes, that you condescended to assure me of your affection; but so long as a breath remains to prove my miserable existence, I will revere, I
will

will adore the Princess Christina ; her image shall never be effaced from my heart, which, though afflicted, will be ever tender, ever faithful; and my last sigh will express my bitter regret at having heard her say, "*I know my error, and have changed my intentions.*"

"What then, my brother," said Christina, in a gentle and affectionate tone, "cannot the prayers and benefits offered you by a grateful prince recal you to his court? Has the proposed alliance no charms for you? Surrounded by the dazzling brightness of royalty, does not the Princess Sophia merit a preference to Christina, reduced to the most humble condition, forced to conceal herself, and, perhaps, obliged to associate with foresters, inhabiting, like them, a savage den, and, like them, fearing to meet with human kind."

"Ah,

“ Ah, in these very woods,” said the Count eagerly, “ in the most retired cavern, Christina, adorned only with the gifts of Nature, stripped of vain pomp, is the only object capable of exciting my tenderness, and of gratifying every wish of my heart. Seated by her on this bank of moss, I should be a thousand times happier, than in sharing with another the first throne on earth.”

“ But, my brother,” replied Christina, in a tone of voice still more tender, “ consider at what a price you must obtain my hand ; reflect on my present situation; the inconveniences of a union, which will, without doubt, be followed by regret. My husband must determine to partake of the eternal solitude to which I am condemned; he must for ever live in this barren desert, and, separated from the rest of mankind, neither live nor breathe but for the happiness of one only.”

“ Live

“Live for the happiness of Christina!” cried the Count, “what greater felicity can there be? No regret can ever interrupt the sweetness of it. Ah, Madam! this happy husband would see you every moment; would continually hear the sound of that beloved voice; would enjoy without disturbance the pleasure of contemplating your charms; the inexpressible felicity of centering in himself alone the entire affections of your heart; to live with you, and for you; to say to himself, and to repeat it, Christina is mine, for ever mine! Ah, Madam!”—“Oh my amiable friend!” interrupted the Princess, shedding tears of joy and tenderness, “my tender, my generous brother! forgive me the trial I have made of a heart so noble and so faithful. The request of your dying mother engaged me to second her intentions, and to propose to you your marrying the niece of Rodolphus. In giving yourself to the Princess of Denmark,

mark, you would have destroyed my happiness, without losing your right to my esteem, to my constant affection; you would always have been dear to your friend. Peaceful, though melancholy, in the midst of this forest, she would there for ever have preserved your idea, for ever have regretted a happiness, cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of all that is esteemed by mankind. No, my dear Sigefroid, my intentions are not changed; *no, I never wished your absence*, never wished to see you the husband of Sophia. Lord of my whole heart, be so also of my faith, of my will, of my desires: receive the token of my love; here is my hand, I give it you."

"Do I hear right?" said the Count, seizing the hand she presented him, kissing it, and moistening it with tears of pleasure; "have I understood you? Does Christina stoop to engage herself to me? Oh, my illustrious, my condescending friend,

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repeat

repeat to me an hundred, nay a thousand times, "*Here is my hand, I give it you.*"

The Princess, giving herself up to the tenderest sensibility, acquainted her lover, that in a few hours a pious recluse would sanctify the union of their hearts. She then clapped her hands; at which signal Germaine, Ernest, and the sage Emanuel, came out from behind the trees where they had waited. They all three saluted the Count de Surger, were eager to felicitate him, and congratulate themselves on the prospect of seeing him ready to inhabit their hermitage, and to partake of their happiness.

The surprize of Sigefroid was extreme on seeing the friends of Christina: he recollected his messenger in the Count de Singen; suspected he was the hermit of whom the Princess's women had spoken; and concluded he was the person who had
assisted

assisted the daughter of Philip to quit the palace of her ancestors. The part of the forest in which they were at this time, was the same to which, two years before, Christina's horse had ran away with her: she gave Sigefroid a brief account of that accident; of her meeting with Germaine; of the inclination she had taken to this peaceful solitude; and confessed to him, that she had from that time formed the design of uniting herself to him in this desert. As they talked, they proceeded to the house. The plain but chearful abode charmed the Count de Surger. The sight of the chapel called to his mind the gloomy hermitage of the Anchorets on the Danube, where his despair had made him wish to bury himself for ever; an asylum very different from the retreat where love was now going to fix him.

Emanuel, ready in a few moments to fulfil his sacred office, entered the chapel:

they all followed him thither. Germaine's pretty little girls had just strewed it with sweet herbs, and were hastening to adorn it with flowers. This attention caused the most lively emotion in Sigefroid—he seemed still to doubt of his happiness—his passionate looks sought in the eyes of Christina for new assurances of her affection. She gave him them, by permitting Ernest to lead her to the altar; to which Germaine conducted the Count de Surger. The lovers pronounced the solemn vow of everlasting love. In receiving the hand of the heiress of Swabia, Sigefroid renounced all those enjoyments which have no value but in the opinion of the world,—all outward show, and appearances only of happiness; and found, in abandoning possessions often more envied than enjoyed, that inward, pure, and lasting felicity, whose source is in our own bosoms, where it supports itself, and is increased continually, unless its current be
stopped

stopped or exhausted by irregular passions. On coming out of this holy sanctuary, the Count de Surger bent one knee to the ground before his august bride, and repeated the vows he had just made. The friends of Christina by turns embraced him: he received their careffes with joy. A very gay repast terminated this happy day; and, during seven years, those that followed were still more delightful.

At the beginning of the second year, Christina was delivered of a son. She called him Ferdinand, the name of Eleonora's father. The united features of this beautiful couple formed the most lovely infant that can be imagined: he became the object of the love and attentions of this little community. Emanuel employed all his time in developing his first ideas. The charms of his person, his understanding, his docility, and the goodness of his heart, made him infinitely pleasing. The

eldest of Germaine's daughters, called Clementina, then fourteen years of age, would be his Governess; Josephina, the youngest, envied her the title and business of this place: they disputed with each other the care of dressing him, and curling or platting his beautiful hair: they walked, sung, danced, and ran with him: they even went frequently to a greater distance, and exceeded the bounds Germaine had prescribed to their walks, in order that they might have longer time to direct at liberty the amusements of their charming little scholar.

While these happy recluses forgot, in the bosom of soft peace, the universe, agitated by the stormy caprice of its inhabitants, Philip passed his time mournfully. His unsuccessful searches for eight years convinced him he should never see the Princess again. The letter which he received from her, on his return from a fruitless

fruitless search, at first excited his rage; but afterwards it became the object of the most cutting reflections. He read it over frequently; it contained these words:

“ Determined never to experience the
“ misery which my dying mother feared
“ for me, I cannot give my hand to a
“ Prince whose sentiments are unknown
“ to me. Pardon a daughter, banished
“ from your society, and brought up at
“ a distance from you, the habit she has
“ acquired of following her own will. If
“ you had loved her, she would have sub-
“ mitted to yours; gratitude would have
“ engaged her to it. Beloved by her
“ father, she would not have dared this
“ day to be her own mistress. An eter-
“ nal retreat is going to conceal me for
“ ever. I renounce Swabia, the empire,
“ and all the grandeur promised to the
“ daughter of the august Philip. My
“ disobedience and my flight would for
“ ever

“ ever render me culpable in my own
“ eyes, were I not certain that my absence
“ will occasion no pain, no grief, in a heart
“ steeled against me from my tenderest
“ infancy, and which I never had a hope
“ to soften.”

The oftener the Duke of Swabia considered the expressions in this letter, the more he blamed his own conduct, and reproached himself for having known so little of the tenderness of a father. He pictured to himself the happiness he might have enjoyed in bringing up his daughter under his own eyes; in inspiring her with filial affection; in uniting her to a Prince beloved by her; and in seeing a young family growing up round him, obedient to his command, eager to please him, and to make the latter part of his life happy, when the weakness and infirmities of age should creep on him. Every year made Philip more gloomy and melancholy: he would

would often fall into a langour of spirits which overcame him; would shut himself up for whole days, and see nobody. Having been accustomed to great exercise, he was soon sensible of the bad effects of this inactive life: he grew heavy; his arms were benumbed, and lost their use; and in a short time this disorder increased, and his life was despaired of.

Among those who truly interested themselves in the situation of Philip, and shed tears at his approaching end, Father Pacome, his confessor, a pious Bernardine, of great simplicity of manners, a sensible, zealous old man, was the most afflicted. Notwithstanding his great age and weakness, he undertook a pilgrimage to Nôtre Dame de Bois, went thirty leagues on foot, prayed and fasted for nine days, and put his penitent and Prince under the powerful protection of the Virgin, and returned to Augsborg greatly fatigued with

his laborious journey. But in entering the city his fatigue left him. The cries of joy uttered by the people, and the blessings they bestowed on *him*, acquainted him with the happy success of his nine days fasting, and the recovery of the Duke.

Public and repeated thanks to Heaven were returned for this miraculous cure: Philip sent rich offerings to Nôtre Dame de Bois; caused a magnificent *Ex Voto* to be placed in the midst of her chapel; and resolved to testify his gratitude by making a visit to the salutiferous image. His strength perfectly restored, he took the habit of a pilgrim, and, accompanied by Pacome, and one attendant only, he went by small journeys to the revered chapel; remained a whole week among the priests who officiated there, without suffering himself to be known, and assisted at their offices, living as they did, and praying with them.

During

During the hours of recreation, employed in walking round the wood, these good priests entertained the Duke with the frightful wonders of that neighbourhood; recalled to his mind the adventure of the Princess of Swabia, and her devotions at Notre Dame. They shewed him the little oratories, which she took delight in visiting; and all the saints, whose vigilance guarded the borders of the forest, prevented the evil spirits from coming out of it, and preserved travellers from the effect of their malice.

The Duke, who put no faith in apparitions, gave no credit to these fabulous stories, nor to the prodigies whose truth they vouched for. But Father Pacome, and the attendant, had no doubt about the matter, and were much terrified when curiosity induced the Prince to declare he would penetrate into the midst of the forest, hear the cries of its inhabitants, see their

their shapes, and inform himself what kind of monsters they were which had spread terror round this place.

He entered courageously into the forest: a profound silence reigned there. He had scarce gone many paces, when his followers, terrified with every breath of wind, and the screaming of birds, conjured him to stop, and not to expose his person to such frightful dangers. They could not inspire him with their fears. The Duke went first; Father Pacome after him, with his beads in his hand, exorcising every bush and endeavouring to recollect every conjuration in his Mass-Book. The attendant, who was brave, and capable of encountering the greatest dangers of war, trembled at the idea of spirits; and, firmly persuaded that he was surrounded by them, carried his sword unsheathed, and every moment made great signs of the cross: the smallest breeze appeared to him

him a violent storm, and forerunner of the demons and the destruction of the forest.

After an infinite number of turnings and three hours walking, Philip came to the bank of the same rivulet where Christina had appointed Sigefroid to meet her. He followed its course, and the instant he lost it, he perceived two lovely girls employed in covering with flowers an infant who lay half reclined between them. The Prince stopped ; then gently approached, in order the better to observe them : they were so attentive to their employment, that the sound of his steps did not disturb them.

The tranquillity of these young persons, their head-dresses, the form of their habits, their delicate white hands, ornamented with bracelets, all declared they were not the children of peasants or woodcutters.

cutters. But what nobility in the neighbourhood would suffer their children to enter into this forest, and walk there alone, exposed to a thousand dangers? The Duke consulted Father Pacome, in a low voice, on the singularity of this adventure, and his desire of speaking to these pretty children; but the good monk, and the timid attendant, did their utmost to dissuade him, assuring him that this little groupe was formed by three horrible demons, concealed under these attracting figures, and would draw him into a snare or a gulph, in which he would perish. The attendant protested that a blackish fire surrounded the tree; that the infant increased visibly in size; and that little serpents moved under the flowers with which his hair was ornamented.

In spite of all their representations, the Duke advanced towards the tree. The little girls no sooner perceived him, than they

they screamed out, got up hastily, and ran with swiftness through the bushes and briars, calling all the saints and angels to their assistance. The child, astonished at seeing them fly from him, was motionless: he fixed his eyes on the Duke, his countenance expressing more curiosity than fear. Philip held out his hand to him, and demanded his with an affectionate tone of voice. The lovely child gave it him immediately. His companions called out to him from afar, making the forest resound with the name of Ferdinand: he was going to follow them: but the Duke entreated him to call to them to return, and to afford him a moment's conversation. Ferdinand complied; and at his call, and his requesting them to come back, the girls approached by degrees, a little way at a time, and then a little farther, till insensibly their fears were enough dissipated to suffer them to take their seats again, and to allow the strangers

gers to sit near them, and to ask of them, if they were known to Emanuel, to their father, or to the father of Ferdinand? "I find myself much inclined to affection for your parents, my charming girls," said the Duke, admiring their ease, and the politeness of their expressions. "Tell me who you are, where you live, and how you came to be alone in this savage place. Are you not afraid of losing yourselves here, or meeting with some unlucky accident?" "I am called Clementina," said the eldest; "my sister, Josephina: we are the daughters of Ernest and Germaine. We cannot lose ourselves in this forest, its turnings are familiar to us; but we should be much at a loss, were we to go out of it." "Your friends then will come hither for you, and you live near this forest." "We live in the forest itself," replied Clementina. "You amaze me," said the Duke. "And what is the occupation of your parents?" "They have many," cried

cried Josephina; "they love one another; they seek to please and oblige each other: attentive to divine each other's wishes, they endeavour to anticipate and prevent them. Emanuel prays, and instructs Ferdinand, whose father and mother love and care for us: we serve them, our cares are pleasing to them, and we are all happy."

While the Duke's pretty companions were satisfying his curiosity, Ferdinand stood playing with him, and shewing him a thousand little fond caresses, of which the Duke appeared sensible; and, as he returned them, he saw on his neck a rich string of pearls, to which hung a very valuable locket, made to contain relics. Surprized to see such fine jewels adorn the neck of this child, he very attentively examined them. Ferdinand, perceiving his eyes fixed on the pearls, suddenly pulled it off his neck, and putting it round Philip's, with a smile full of grace and sweetness,

ness, "Wear this for my sake, father," said he, embracing him, and kissing him with tenderness.

The action of this amiable child, his caresses, the name of Father, pronounced in so affectionate a tone, had a powerful effect on the Duke of Swabia; he was softened, sighed, and, turning towards the monk, "Alas!" said he, "why does this interesting child give me so tender a name? And why, my dear Pacome, why have I prepared for myself the pain of never receiving the name of Father but from the mouth of strangers?"—A voice at that instant was heard; it called Ferdinand and his companions. Clementina and Josephina answered, got up, took the child by the hand, and were going to lead him away; but he resisted, and refused to quit his new friend, protesting he would not go home without him. This little dispute grew warm: the Duke felt himself affected

ed with the friendship of the child; when two women, who appeared on a hill, drew all his attention. They descended by a steep path, walking slowly. The windings of the road made them often disappear, and sometimes the thickness of the wood hid them entirely. They could not perceive the Duke before they were very near him, as a hollow way concealed him from their sight. When they came down the hill, she who walked first screamed out on seeing three strangers; but the Duke had scarcely cast his eyes on the second, when he cried, "It is Christina! It is my daughter! It is she herself!"

The mother of Ferdinand, pale and trembling, threw herself at the feet of Philip, and, with a voice stifled by fear, "Punish me," said she; "assert the rights of a sovereign and a father, offended by my guilty disobedience, my bold flight, and by a connection formed without your consent;

consent; but pardon my friends, pardon the Count de Surger: alas! he respected you; he would not have been the husband of your daughter. No, the father of Ferdinand is not criminal; I alone merit your indignation; let me alone feel the weight of it. Oh, my judge! my father! do not impute my fault to those who are innocent of it; it is I alone who have seduced them all."

Amazement seemed to suspend all the faculties of Philip; he scarcely breathed, he could not speak. After so long a time, this unexpected meeting caused in him the most violent agitation; tears fell from his eyes, tender emotions reanimated his spirits; he looked at his daughter and at Ferdinand, and taking the child in his arms, embraced him, and gave him to his mother, saying to him, "Oh, my child, assure your mother that I pardon her!" The Duke's kindness dissipated the fears
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of this weeping company; Germaine and her daughters, on their knees, kissed the hands of the Duke; Christina bathed them with tears of love and gratitude; the goodness of her father opened her heart to filial affection, and Philip himself enjoyed the pleasure of loving and being beloved; and both of them, in the sequel, experienced how powerful is Nature, when friendship and kindness second its emotions.

It is unnecessary to enlarge more on these events, already, perhaps, too tedious. Philip acknowledged the marriage of his daughter, and would have appointed Sigefroid his successor; but this happy pair would not consent to quit their retreat. It became known, and the forest was no longer called the Accursed. The Duke had a part of it cleared to embellish his daughter's habitation. A handsome castle was built by his order in the midst of the

the orchard. He spent many months there; and, when his grandson was old enough to rule over his extensive dominions, which he resigned to him, he lived there altogether. Ernest and Germaine remained with Christina and Sigefroid. Clementina and her sister took possession of their father's estate; they married noblemen of great fortune, and lived at the court of the amiable Ferdinand. Philip was made sensible, as he grew older, how frequently the passions given to man to enliven his existence, and to make life more dear to him, produce a contrary effect, if prudence does not moderate their ardour. Unhappy in his youth by the violence of his temper, he thought, after the death of Amelia, he should be more at ease, if he got rid of that sweet and natural sensibility which constitutes the chief pleasure of life. He feared to form any tender attachments, and delivered himself up to ambition; but neither the suc-
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cess of his arms, nor his numerous conquests, freed him from that wearisomeness, that disgust, that langour, which is the constant attendant on indifference. In abandoning himself to paternal affection, he felt pleasure revive in his heart; it expanded itself to joy, and to pleasing sensations.

In the arms of peace and friendship, he learnt by experience, that is it not our possessions, but our enjoyments, which make us happy; and that the summit of felicity is, to love, and to be beloved.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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